

### “A Noiseless, Patient Spider”

A noiseless, patient spider,  
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;  
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to  
connect them;  
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold;  
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

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### “Song of Myself”

I Celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil,  
this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and  
their parents the same,  
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never  
forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

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### “O Me! O Life!”

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,  
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,  
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I,  
and who more faithless?)

Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the  
struggle ever renew'd,  
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see  
around me,  
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me  
intertwined,  
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me,  
O life?

That you are here—that life exists and identity,  
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.

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### “I Sit and Look Out”

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before  
me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide,  
and measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with  
much applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

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### “I Hear America Singing”

I Hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;  
Those of mechanics--each one singing his, as it should be,  
blithe and strong;  
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves  
off work;  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat--the  
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench--the hatter  
singing as he stands;  
The wood-cutter's song--the ploughboy's, on his way in the  
morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;

The delicious singing of the mother--or of the young wife at  
work--or of the girl sewing or washing--Each singing what  
belongs to her, and to none else;  
The day what belongs to the day--At night, the party of young  
fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

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“O Captain! My Captain!”

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart! heart! heart!  
        O the bleeding drops of red,  
            Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
                Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths--for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Here Captain! dear father!  
        This arm beneath your head!  
            It is some dream that on the deck,  
                You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
    Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
        But I with mournful tread,  
            Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
                Fallen cold and dead.

